

Daughter of a Dragon Master  
by kisskisslovy

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Summary: The daughter of Hiccup tells her own tale of growing up in a village surrounded by dragons. But when a new group of vicious dragons moves to Berk and seem less than open to negotiations, it's up to her and the rest of the village to keep their home. Can she keep up her dream of catching a Nightfury with it being on the opposite side?

## 1. Chapter 1

HTTYD Fanfic

Mia Likens

Chapter 1

\_Bang, Bang!\_

Every morning, it's the same thing.

\_Bang\_, \_Bang! \_

Even though I'm in my room, with walls and a ceiling surrounding me, I still hear it, loud and clear.

\_Bang, Bang, Bang-Bang, Bang!\_

Finally the familiar footsteps come down the stairs with the familiar stutter to their sounds, one faster and with a regular thud against the wood, and another slower with a metallic clang.

My father, Hiccup, the leader of our tribe of Vikings, heading downstairs and out the door to appease his anxious dragon, Toothless, who insists on getting up early every day to bang on the roof of our house to get my father up to go fly. Dad uses it as a good patrol opportunity, but I see it as a humongous annoyance. Even my mother,

Astrid's, dragon, Stormfly, isn't that cranky. And insistent. And punctual. Every. Single. Morning.

I guess I don't understand that well since I don't have my own dragon yet. But I have big shoes to fill. I can't just settle on whatever dragon I feel like. No, I have to be just as great as my father.

His story is legend around here. Just as legendary as my grandfather's was when he was Chieftain. The first Viking to ever ride a dragon, the only one to find and tame a Nightfury. Not to mention bring peace between the Vikings and the dragons by defeating the Red Death.

So I've got to be just as good. I have to catch my own Nightfury, and call it my own. He tells me,

"You can't just pick a dragon at random and say, 'I'm going to catch you.' You form a bond with a dragon, and you become friends. You notice your own characteristics reflected in their personalities."

But it doesn't matter to me. When my grandfather was Chieftain, killing a dragon was a teenager's step towards adulthood. Nowadays, it's getting a dragon for your own. But even my younger brother has his own dragon, and he's only seven.

Then again, he doesn't have as much pressure as me. Even though I'm a girl, and I'm lean and short, I'm still the first-born and it's my responsibility to uphold our family'sâ€œ for lack of a better word, awesomeness.

However, I'm probably boring you with my idle prattle about my big shoes to fill, so we get right along with the story.

I get around and put my clothes on. It seems somewhat warm today, so I don't wear my jacket. I put my blonde hair into its regular hair-do, a high ponytail, and two braids made from my bangs. I walk out the door and I cover my emerald green eyes with my hand to shield them from the sun. Today's a good day to do some tracking.

Stormfly is sitting outside the house, basking in the sun. She trots over to me, and I scratch her scales. She gurgles in approval, and goes back to sitting down when I stop. I can barely see my father out in the distance, flying on Toothless. Meatlug is chopping wood outside his house, while his two kids, Gretchen and Bamtree run around nearby. I see Asmarr (Editor's note: Pronounced Ehs-mar, I think, but I couldn't get the accent over the A. It's from a Norse name I found on the internet soâ€œ), my friend, a tall, somewhat broad built-boy. He's proud and arrogant, but he's very charming. He's waiting for me. His soft blue eyes twinkle in the sun, and his dark raven hair flows with the wind, andâ€œ and I stop daydreaming. I shake my head, and get it out of my mind. I have to think about getting a dragon before I go along with any other commitments, I tell myself.

I've known for a long time that I like Asmarr. We've been friends for forever, even though he's a few years older than me. His dragon, Whitefang, hasn't ever seemed to take a liking to me though. Must be a feminine instinct or something. I walk up to him and he says "Hi." And Whitefang gives a snort. She's a Monstrous Nightmare, and she's

been bred proud. My father's words ring through my head as I think about it.

"You see your own characteristics reflected in their personalities."

I giggle and think 'Ain't that the truth?'

"What's funny?" He asks, but I shake my head and he lets it go. "Are you going to go out searching today? I can give you a ride if you want."

"No, you know that I search better closer to the ground. Plus, I don't want a dragon scent on me if I finally see one." That's not the real reason. They're both true, but the real reason is because last time I rode on Whitefang, she almost knocked me off into the ocean. I swear that that dragon has it out for me.

"Alright, but don't get lost." He tells me, then gets on Whitefang and rides away.

I hear a loud roar behind me as they fly away, and look behind me to see Gobber yelling at Knuckle, his Boneknapper dragon, "All right, already, we'll find your stinkin' bone!"

Gobber's been getting on in years, but he's still every bit as stubborn as he was when he was younger. I look around, knowing that everyone on the island will be up soon if Knuckle's bone isn't found. If you know anything about dragons, you'll probably be telling me that a Boneknapper can't roar without its bone armor complete, but this different. This is a keepsake Knuckle keeps around, and it's a part of his late mate's armor.

I see something move behind a barrel next to one of the houses, and go to investigate. Behind the barrel is Skull, Knuckle's offspring, holding onto the bone with his teeth, when he sees me lean over around the barrel, he jumps, and cowers more behind it. He's playing a game, but Knuckle obviously doesn't think it's funny. I hold out my hand, and he reluctantly drops the bone into it. I run over to Gobber and Knuckle and reach up to hand the bone to the angry dragon. Skull is hiding behind me, and Knuckle bends his head down to glare at him. I move out of the way, and proceed to watch.

The behaviors of dragons were incredible to me. They acted almost exactly how we do. Though we don't understand, Gobber and I watch as Knuckle gives his son a thorough scolding through growls and slight roars, while Skull looks down and you can see the apparent guilt in his face, though it's blocked by a mask.

While Knuckle and Skull continue to converse, Gobber turns to me and thanks me, then hobbles back towards his home, his false arm swaying back and forth. I take one last look at the Boneknappers, and then head off in the direction of the forest.

It's the same forest as before. I've searched this island top and bottom for Nightfuries, and never found one. You'd think I'd have given up by now, but stubbornness comes with having Viking blood.

I've come up with several theories: Toothless is from another land,

and he got lost and ended up here and decided to settle; He's the last of his species (I hate to believe that one); Females are reclusive, so there are few times when breeding will actually occur, and several others.

So, I continue to search. I know this forest like the back of my hand, so I get pretty far and I still know the way back. I decide to dog-leg and then head back to the village.

I still don't see any reason to think there's a Nightfury anywhere nearby, and as I make the final turn back towards the village, I hear roars.

I look up, and through the trees I can see a whole pack of roaring dragons. The leaves block my view, but I can tell that there not any we've seen before. They're calling out war cries, and they're heading straight towards our village.

I know something is wrong, and I start to run. My feet are no match for their wings though, and I lose sight of them quickly, though I can still hear their roars and I huff and dash through the trees, ducking under low branches and hurdling over rocks and fallen trunks.

Soon enough, there are yells and screams of humans mingling with the roars of the new dragons along with our dragons. My pace quickens as I realize that there is a red light escaping through the breaks in the trees. The whole village is almost completely on fire!

I reach the edge of the trees, and look down to see my home going up in flames.

## 2. Chapter 2

\*\*Please review! All reviews are greatly appreciated!\*\*

\*\*I do not own How to Train Your Dragon, if I did, the game would have been a LOT better.\*\*

### Chapter 2

Thinking on my toes, I run down the hill into the village, dodging the occasional fire-burst. Some of our dragons are reluctant to fight, but all of the Monstrous Nightmares are packing heat, welcoming the fight. I see Asmarr on Whitefang up above me, and I flinch when he barely avoids a shot from one of a new dragons; a long, thin one that's scales are golden and green. It doesn't have horns, but strands like antennae instead, and when it flies it makes circles in the air.

As I look around, I see all of the older Vikings are joining the fight, but their experience is leveled out by their old age. They do, however, seem to bring morale to the younger Vikings, and make an example out of a brown dragon that they have pulled up out of the ground. Its six legs squirm, and I look for wings on its long back, but can't find any.

I barely get to look at it when a roar from the ground distracts me. But, as I turn, I realize it's not a dragon. My mother, Astrid is

running out of the house with an axe firmly clenched in her hands, her face scrunched up as a battle cry escapes her open mouth. I had never seen her like this before. Her blows to one of the dragons' hide are swift and powerful, but they do little damage to the dark scales.

She manages to get it backing up, and my view is cleared to look right at a large dragon about fifty feet away.

The dragon is large, medium-build, and staring me down. Its scales are an ivory color, and are sharp and pointed. There was no way I could sit on that dragon without being thoroughly impaled. Everything about this dragon is sharp, from its teeth to its fiery golden gaze, which is staring me down with all the intensity of a fire itself.

From those eyes I could tell what this dragon wanted: Death. It wasn't out to gain territory or find prey. These dragons were fighters.

The dragon has locked on to me, and it charges with great speed just with the power of its four legs. Thinking fast, I plant my feet into the ground, ready to duck underneath it as soon as it gets close enough.

Two feet before I was going to slide underneath, the dragon head is met with a powerful blast of blue, making its face fall right into the ground, scattering dirt and rocks.

Its unconscious, but the eyes are still wide open. The image is terrifying in its own supernatural way.

I look up above, to see my father and Toothless.

My father yells to me, as Toothless' eyes dart back and forth across the battlefield, my previous home.

"Round up the kids and take them to the hatchery! That's the most dragon-proof place in the village."As soon as he finishes talking, Toothless flies away, the wind whistling against his powerful wings.

Biting back my anger at being a "rounder" instead of a warrior, I listened for more high pitched screams, those of the kids.

As I hear a roar, I turn around and see Stormfly facing down a more snake-like dragon that is quickly darting back and forth in front of her, sliding not even inches from the ground. Behind her lies a couple of kids, most of them cowering against one of the few buildings that isn't on fire. The only one that isn't is Bamtree, who is looking between Stormfly's two legs at the dragon, taunting him.

The snake dragon is thoroughly agitated and makes a strike underneath her legs towards Bamtree, and I rush into action. Just before the dragon reaches Bamtree, I scoop him up into my arms and smash my heel into the dragon's skull.

It lets out a mix of a roar and a whimper, and is promptly chased off by Stormfly.

Once the coast is clear, I pick up Gretchen in my other arm, while telling the two other kids, Beulah, who is ten, and Garth who is Ruffnut's seven year old son, to follow me and keep up.

The hatchery is kept about fifty feet from the edge of the village in a grassy part of the forest, an area filled with dragonnip to calm the newly hatched dragons. The outside of the building is wood, but underneath that is the best metal we can make, since metal holds up the best against the explosion of a hatching Gronkle. However, whenever we can we try to get the eggs to one of the five wells near the hatchery. These go about ten feet into the ground and are filled as high as we can get them with water, to subdue the blast.

However, the hatchery's defenses aren't used that often. The dragons always head out to Crescent Island a few days before Snoggletog to hatch their babies there. The hatchery is only for older or injured dragons that wouldn't be able to make the trip and for raising the newly hatched babies that are brought from Crescent Island. Some dragons even refuse to leave the village, not wanting to leave behind their riders.

The hatchery is empty of eggs right now, to our benefit, since it's the fall, and mating season isn't until the middle of winter. There are, however, a few babies in here though.

As I put Gretchen and Bamtree down, they run towards the Gronkles, and are greeted warmly. Beulah is bombarded by Nadders, who luckily don't gain their spikes for a few more months, and she giggles happily on the ground. Garth is happy with a Terrible Terror sitting on his lap, and I decide to leave to look for the rest of the kids.

Opening the door, I remind the kids not to leave, and then turn back around.

I head out, grabbing a bucket and dipping it in one of the wells, just in case. When I round the corner of the building again, I hear the familiar sound of a Nightfury.

As I look up, I realize it's not Toothless. My heart leaps, seemingly jumping into my throat. My eyes are wide, not believing what I'm seeing. Had I really given up on finding one?

Within two seconds, however, I jump back to my senses and enter catch mode.

Quickly, I grab the whistle from under my jacket and blow it upwards. I've perfected this whistle, with the help of Toothless, to attract Nightfuries. It catches the dragon's attention, and I quickly hide behind the building while it lands.

The dark dragon is instantly calmed by the dragonnip surrounding it, and it scans the area for the source of the sound. I step out slowly, and quell my fear as the dragon tenses to fly. Keeping a rhythm, I begin a circle dance with it, making sure to rub against the grass as much as possible. This dragon was definitely one of the newcomers, I could tell by his multiple scars, one such going across his left eye, not to mention that similar intense gaze. He wanted to kill me just as much as the ivory dragon had. But what was stopping him?

We kept up the circle for a while, and the grass was squished down on the ground, so I decided to either make a move to grab the dragon or end this whole thing.

The dragon decided to, too. Just as I swung my pail of water at him, he threw a light burst straight at me. Somehow, and to my great luck, the water doused the flames in mid-air, and they vanished.

Both of us sat there for a while more, sensing what the other wanted and examining their power. I had no more water, and I would be done for if he decided to attack me again.

Pulling out some of the grass, I reach out towards him, slowly, trying to seem as friendly as possible.

Before I get within two feet of him, however, a screech from one of the new dragons calls out from the direction of the village, and the Nightfury jumps in the air, flying up to join its retreating comrades.

"Argh, for the love of- Grr!" I shout, flinging the bucket onto the ground, and shouting out a few more obscenities. After a couple of grunts of frustrations, I quickly remember that just behind me is a building with several kids in it.

"Crap." I say more quietly, flinging my hand on to my face as I walk over to the hatchery. As I do, cheers can be heard from the village, as the celebrations of a successful battle are ensued. Hearing the yells and other noises emanating from the village, Garth opens the door of the hatchery, and peeks around the edge.

"It's alright, you guys. The dragons are gone." I say, opening the door all the way. "Go on and head back to the village."

As she steals a glance at me, Gretchen giggles and says, "You said a bad word," and points at me with one hand, covering her smile with the other.

I smile at her, and am quickly distracted by Garth, who is still standing in the doorway of the hatchery. "What's up, Garth?" I ask him, bending down to his eye level, which is short for his age.

"I have a slightâ€| problem." He says and turns around.

Clutching onto his dirty blonde hair, freckled skin, clothes and anything and everything else it can find, is a baby Terrible Terror. And it doesn't look like it's going to let go anytime soon.

Chuckling a bit, I walk over to him, and scratch the tiny dragon's cheek. It lets go and falls into my hand, proceeding to ball up and fall asleep.

"Can Iâ€|" Garth starts then pauses. "Can I keep it?" He finishes after a few seconds. His hands are behind his back, head pointing down, and one foot making arches in the dirt.

Smiling down at him, I hand him the baby dragon, placing it carefully into his arms.

He grins wide, but remains calm so as to keep from waking it up.

He thanks me, and just before his runs off to the village. He proceeds to kiss me on the cheek, reaching up on tip-toe then bolting off in the direction of the cheers.

Shaking my head and smiling, I close the door to the hatchery and also head towards the celebrations taking place. Just before I leave the open area, I look west, in the direction the dragons headed off to, wondering if I would ever see that Nightfury again.

### 3. Chapter 3

\*\*You know what? I don't need your reviews. Pfft! Just see if I care, mwahahahahaha!\*\*

#### Chapter 3

As I reenter the dirt and rock paths of the village, there's barely anyone left. Well, if there was going to be a celebration, then the best place to have it would be the great hall, where everyone could easily fit along with all of their dragons.

Up along the hill I can make out the shapes of the kids, running to make sure they don't miss the party, along with a few other stragglers. Beulah is quickly running up the hill, her long legs keeping up an efficient pace even though she is heading up a fairly steep hill. Garth is barely starting up it, making sure to be steady with his still-sleeping dragon.

Not sure if I'm ready to fake a smile, I decide to take a look at the damages. Several of the buildings have collapsed roofs and other damages caused by fires, but they have all been put out. My family's house was further up the hill, and I would make sure everything was fine about it on my way to the party. Before then, however, since I was still upset about losing the Nightfury, I decided to check on the sheep. I knew that in the past the sheep were almost all the dragons came for, though that was only to feed the Red Death. Going down the wood steps along the cliff was a challenge, since several of them were now just ashes lying among the grass. I also had to check the ones that had been burned but still remained, in case they collapsed and I slid down the rest of the way. When I was only a few steps from the ground I hopped off, not wanting to deal with anymore precautions. Also not wanting to think about getting back up again, I headed through the grass towards the sheep pen.

When I got close, I could tell the sheep had been spooked by the new dragons, though all of them seemed unharmed and all of them were accounted for. Leaping over the top wooden rail, I round them up and try to calm them down. If they were spooked and were too frightened to eat, we may have had some lacking in food supply. They seemed to be better after seeing a human not accompanied by a dragon, but I decided to stay a bit longer, just in case.

After a minute or so, I heard a voice behind me.

"Maybe you should give up on dragons and become a sheep whisperer."

I turn my head to look at Ineda. She's a tall, powerful, woman of twenty-eight moons. She has fiery bright hair that shines brightly, especially in the light of the now setting sun. She smiles large, some of her freckles covered by the dimples she has on both cheeks.

She's also one of the few villagers who don't have dragons.

"About thatâ€|" I say, as she hops over the fence to join me in sitting in the grass. "I saw a Nightfury today."

She doesn't say anything, but her eyes turn wide and her mouth drops open slightly in awe. "And?" She asks, urging me to continue.

Sighing, I continue. "And it flew away. Away to the west of the island with the rest of the dragons." I wrap my arms around my legs, bringing them up to meet my chin. "I almost hope that they attack again. Not to mention I was practically the only one in the village not fighting. My dad made me round up the kids. Which, yeah, I understand the need to keep them safe, but stillâ€| I'm just disappointed."

"Now, now, everyone else is up there celebrating. Maybe you're too far away, but there's a whole lot of happy generating out of the great hall, but I think you're just being too stubborn to let it affect you. Come on, tonight is happy; don't let something get you down." She put a hand on my back, and gave a few pounding slaps on the back. This, frankly, was probably just what I needed to get my out of my rut. "Besides, do you think I went up against those dragons on foot? There's more to battle then fighting."

She stood up, the wind blowing her hair, making it look just like the fires we had just put out a while ago. She looked down at me, and smiled, one side of her mouth raising up further than the other, and said,

"It may seem silly, but I can just feel it; you're going to see that dragon again. And guess what? You two will be perfect for each other. Knowing you, I'm sure that dragon is going to be every bit as stubborn and hardheaded as you are. I'm also betting you two will give this whole place a remedial lesson it was it means to be Viking. Believe me; you're going to be great one day." She reached out her hand and I placed mine in it. Pulling me up, she continued, "Now, let's get up to that feast. You don't want all the good food to be gone when we get there. Plus, I'm sure your friend Asmarr has a few stories you're going to want to hear."

After climbing up the hill (making sure to take a good look at our house on the way there for damages) we enter the great hall through its enormous and elaborate doors.

The large hall is built into the side of the mountain, walls carved out from a previously lying cave, though the cave was much smaller. The walls are reinforced with stones and pillars dot the area to support the ceiling. In addition to one large circular table closer to the back of the hall are long rectangle tables with benches, which are all but filled up. Torches light up the whole place well, also keeping it relatively warm.

The celebrations are still ongoing, so no one even notices us walking in the middle. There are plenty of mugs and draught going around, and yells of slightly drunken stupor can be heard. If nothing else, we could handle our alcohol.

Ineda goes to join some of her drinking buddies, yelling out as she does, "Hey, save some for me, you big louts!" And she is responded with cheers being heard around the tables as she sits down.

I laugh and turn as cheers are heard from another table.

Asmarr is standing on a table, crouching slightly as he recites a well-rehearsed line.

"The Looper spins a couple more times, but stays in the same place, its wings flapping with a strong pattern. When suddenly, he shoots out a blast of fire at me!" He jumps at 'suddenly', which made some of the kids at the table jump and gasp. "Whitefang and I have it all under control, though, and we quickly descend to avoid, missing the shot by inches." He takes this chance to stand up tall, as several of the kids applaud him, which, in turn, allows some of older audience members to applaud as well.

"That would explain why some of your hairs are shorter." I yell at him, crossing my arms and smirking.

He quickly moves his hands up to check the top of his head, a look of worry crossing his face. As his hand leaves his face, he yells back at me, "Got a better story, do you? The daring tale of saving the kids?" Though it's all in good fun, the last bit kind of stung.

"As a matter of fact," I say, not revealing my hurt pride, "I do."

A path is opened up for me, and I use the bench as a step up onto the table. Asmarr offers me his hand, but I ignore it as payback for the kid gatherer jab, and he proceeds down to join the audience.

"So, being the bold defender of the weak that I am," I say, starting the story the way any good storyteller would (i.e. making myself look good); "I step out of the hatchery to ward off whatever beast would dare to attack those innocent children. And down lands a powerful dragon, eyes a bold shade of green, pupils that are barely slits staring me down. A dark scaled body tensed and covered with scars, ready to tear me apart. But I wasn't going to back down. Not against any dragon. Not even a Nightfury." I say, and get a few gasps from my small audience. Heads are turned from everywhere in the great hall, however, at the sound of the name, and the noise level lowers considerably.

I had almost every pair of eyes in the house. But did that deter me? Not at all, not even by my father's inquisitive green gaze.

"We kept a wary gaze on each other as we were well aware of the other's strength. Nothing happened for a few momentsâ€¦ Until we both attacked!

"Its aim was impeccable and I barely made off with my life, owing everything to my quick actions!"

"Did it escape, then?" Asmarr asked, somewhat wide-eyed, and incredibly curious.

"If by 'escape' you mean I let it get away with its life-blood still intact, then yes." I finish, using his question to wrap the whole thing up nice and neat.

I got far more applause than Asmarr as the whole of the great hall erupted with it. Scanning the crowd, I felt quite good about myself.

That is, until I saw my father's gaze.

Though he wasn't mad or upset his face seemed, rather than proud, disappointed. Why? I had tangoed with a Nightfury and made off without a scratch. I had found one and would've caught it had the damn thing not ran off with all of the others. I stepped down from the table, Asmarr patting me on my back as I stepped on the ground, asking more about the Nightfury and my encounter until my father quickly said,

"While I can still get all of your attention; I feel that we should discuss more serious matters. I would like those with the fighting experience to join me on the far side of the table."

The hall quieted as many of the veteran Vikings moved over to the other side of the table; Gobber, my mother, Phlegma, Fishlegs, the twins, Ruffnut and Tuffnut, and Snotlout among them.

"Now, I have a feeling that those dragons will be back for more. And we will be ready for them should they return."

"Must we fight them, Hiccup?" one of the Vikings in the crowd said.

"We've lived peacefully for so long with dragons. Surely there's something we can do." Another shouted out.

"Believe me; I will try everything to calm them down. But when I fought those dragons, all I could feel from them was bloodlust. And I don't want to risk anyone's safety trying to do something impossible.

"Now, I realize that many of you, as shown by our division around the table, are inexperienced. I am going to set up addition patrols, and I will need many volunteers. Houses have to be fixed, and dragons ready at a second's notice. Tomorrow we will have a tactics lesson. I will need volunteers from our seasoned fighters to explain airborne techniques and the like. In addition, I need any valuable information anyone caught on any of these new dragons. If you can sketch it, do so. If you noticed anything in particular, like a weakness or abnormality, bring it forward to me.

"For now, let's all get a good night's rest. We're going to have a busy week ahead of us."

And that was the end of it.

\*\*Well, well, well. Who's the best author ever? Just kidding.  
\*\*

\*\*Barely two days later and there's already a new chapter out. I know, I know, I'm awesome. \*\*

\*\*And I lied at the top. I love reviews. They don't have to be anything regarding my prose or the story either. If there was anything particular that you just loved or something that make you lol, tell me. I'm addicted to your feedback. I don't even care if it's just hounding me about an update. \*\*

\*\*Actually, make sure to hound me if I don't update for a few weeks. I can pop these babies out in hours if I try. And don't worry; I've got plenty of time to write with.\*\*

\*\*In the meantime, I'd like to thank you for reading the first three chapters, and thank you in addition for reading my comments at the top and bottom, which I'm assuming you are if you are reading this sentence.\*\*

\*\*Anywhere, thanks a billion times, and hope for another update soon.  
\*heart\*\*\*

#### 4. Chapter 4

\*\*\*makes super cute puss n' boots face\* Reviews? Pwease?\*\*

#### Chapter 4

None of the noise picked back up again, even after my father finished his announcements. Everyone slowly picked up their things, leaving a fairly large mess, and slowly filed out of the large doors of the great hall.

My father disappeared exceptionally quickly into the crowd, and I was unable to talk to him. I somehow got the feeling that he was avoiding me.

Staying behind at a table so as to avoid the large and slow-moving mass that was exiting, I sighed and was promptly joined by Åsmarr and Lattie. Lattie is very frail and sickly, so she's usually kept indoors, if not also in bed. Everything about her seems frail, from her thin waves of brunette hair to her long, lanky body. Well, that is, until she speaks.

"What the matter with your face, cutie-pie?" To anyone who didn't know her, you'd think she was shouting, but that was just how she talked. Her voiced echoed around the hall, resounding again and again in my ears with that cutesy high-pitched tone that she has.

Noticing this herself, she promptly says, "Hey, my voiced really echoes in here!"

If Lattie was good at anything, it was entertaining herself. No doubt due to several days in a row being confined to a bedroom with nothing to do.

Finding the echo to be increasingly amusing, she clicks her tongue, makes popping noises with her lips, giggling as everything she did came back to her. Listening to her giggles only made her laugh more,

until Åsmarr placed a hand over her mouth and let out a fatigued and slightly annoyed sigh.

She ended her performance with a muffled "Okie-dokie!" and proceeded to sit there with an almost stupid grin plastered on her face.

"Though she quickly lost her train of thought, Lattie had a good question." Åsmarr said to me, moving his hand off of Lattie's face. "What's up? A second ago you were boozing an awesome story to the whole of the village."

"Well, first off, it got away." I said. He smiled, remembering how I had told him that I let it escape alive. "And my dad didn't seem the least bit impressed. He didn't even ask me anything!"

"Well," Lattie starts, and we hold our comments, knowing this is going to be long, even though she talks almost ridiculously fast. "First off, he's got a lot on his plate. I mean, we all got off really lucky that everyone got through the attack, many not even harmed in the bit. Plus, lots of our houses were burnt really badly. Several of the villagers are going to be homeless for the time being. He's also got to figure out how to deal with these vicious new dragons, and get everyone to work together to keep the village safe from future attacks. Not to mention, it's got to be hard for him to attack dragons, since they've been his friends and allies for so long. Also, I think he was disappointed in your lack of respect for the Nightfury." She said, wrapping it up and resuming her smile.

"What?" I say. I had been drifting away in the middle, but her last comment snapped me right back. "Disappointed?"

"Yeah, I mean, we've dealt with Toothless before, and we know lots of stuff from him, so I doubt he thinks we need to treat it the same way as the rest of the new dragons. Meaning as an enemy." She says, never losing that silly smile. She lifts her hand to eye-level and points one finger up. "I'll bet he just wanted you to try to be nice to it, instead of 'letting it get away with its life-blood intact.'" Her voice deepens as she quotes me.

Even though it's Lattie saying all of this, it all did make a lot of sense. I realized that I should tell my father the straight and true story, not getting any of the details get mixed up in the glamorous falsities of a 'good story'.

"You're probably right Lattie." I say, and stand up. She quickly gets up to join me, Åsmarr following her with a wary eye, in case she collapses. "But, I don't think I'm ready to go home just yet. You guys want to come up to Raven Point with me and look at the stars?"

Lattie excitedly nods her head, and Åsmarr nods, but maybe not quite so energetically.

The doors have been long shut, and the villagers are all in their own houses.

Whitefang is with us as we leave, but she's tired from a long day and the battle. Åsmarr gives her permission to go home and rest, and the

three of us make our way to Raven Point. It's not far off, but it's even further up the mountain than the great hall. But it's the best place to look at the stars from.

We reach Raven Point and proceed to sit down a few feet away from the edge.

Lying on my back I look up at the stars. The large expanse above, stretching as far as I could see, far beyond the horizon in any which way.

It was all so calming. My worries about the Nightfury, my father, the new dragons; they just all vanished.

All I could think about was that I was here, with my two best friends, looking up at the hundreds of star that twinkled above me, and wishing that everything could stay just like this forever. I reach out both of my hands, taking Lattie's in one and Asmarr's with the other. We all seem to give out a calm sigh at the same time. Nothing else mattered.

Somehow, I had drifted off into sleep lying there on the grass. As I awoke, birds could be heard chirping off in the forest, and the sun was creeping up over the horizon. I slowly sit up I notice that my fingers are still interlaced with Lattie's and Asmarr's, who are both asleep. Lying on each of us is a separate blanket. Releasing my fingers from Lattie's, I lift the blanket up to my nose, smelling. The scent, though not as unclean as I would have thought, did not give anything away about the owner or the person who brought it. After thinking about it for just a few seconds, I shrug it off, assuming one of our parents brought it up after realizing we were gone.

Lattie has begun to stir, owing probably to the now lacking heat in her hand. She props herself up on one hand, rubbing her eye with the other.

"Aw, morning already?" She groans, voice slightly slurred. "I was having a really good dream."

Giggling slightly, I ask her, "What was it about?"

Her hand stops midway in between a rub, and she looks down at nothing for a few seconds.

"I don't even remember." She decides, and resumes that happy-go-lucky smile of hers, stretching out her arms in an attempt to wake up.

To my other side, I hear Asmarr grunting, also trying to wake up, though it will be much harder for him. Asmarr was definitely not a morning person. As I ponder this, I also realize that my hand is still holding onto his. I quickly snatch it away, looking around as if a group of people were there watching us as my cheeks flush.

When Lattie starts to stand up, I follow suite, making sure she doesn't overexert herself. This was also a good excuse to give myself something to do. Surely sleeping outside on the cold ground couldn't have been good for her. Or us, for that matter.

I look over at the horizon again, judging the time of the day.

"Well," I started, "We should probably be headed back soon." I walked over to Asmarr, who had curled up into a ball of morning-hating flesh. His eyes were shut tight, and there were slightly dark circles under them.

Shaking my head, I walk over to him, grab his arm and hoist him up onto my back. He's not that heavy for me (every Viking over the age of fifteen has to be able to carry something the same size as them. I'm just stronger than that), but he is asleep, which makes it difficult to carry him.

Not to mention his head rested on my shoulder, with his hot breath hitting my neck again and again. I began recalling the different types of dragons I had seen yesterday, trying to keep my mind off of him.

I ran out of dragons before we reached the village, so I started coming up with names for them. When I ran out of dragons to name, I recalled what each one looked like, noted specific qualities about each, and supposed weaknesses of each. The walk home from Raven Point had never seemed so long before that trip.

Finally, we reached the village and went to Åsmarr's house first. I threw him down in front of the door, perhaps a little too harshly, but I was ready to get him off of my back and stop breathing down my neck, literally.

He grunted and finally woke up, jolting up, and he placed a hand on the back of his head, rubbing the place where it hit the ground.

"Uh, I think I'm going to go with 'ow'." He said, agitated.

I shoved my foot right by his head, resting it on the wall behind him. He instantly looked up at me. "Where's your pride?" I scolded him. "A girl just carried you down a hill as you were fast asleep like a little princess!" I moved my foot from the wall and placed it back on the ground. He continued to look up at me, flabbergasted.

The door opened to our right and out steps Asmarr's mother. "Oh, it's you, Nanna." She says when she sees me. She then turns back into the house to yell, no doubt to her husband, "It's only Nanna!" He replies with "Of course it is," and a chuckle.

She heads back into the house, and I turn around. I stop before walking away to say "I'm planning on telling my father about those dragons. I'd better see you there to volunteer for patrols."

And I walk away, muttering just loud enough for him to hear, "Babe.\*"

\*Meaning a baby, not as in, "I'll see you later, babe."  
\*wink\*\*

Lattie trails after me, skipping to the best of her ability.

"Well, at least now I know your weak-point." He yells after me, and as I turn back around to face him he taps the side of his neck.

\_He had been awake?\_

I turn back quickly as I start to blush furiously, and I hear him laughing as I stomp off towards Lattie's house, the phrase 'That jerk!' repeating itself over and over in my head.

After I made sure Lattie had gotten home alright, I bolted off towards my own home. When I got within feet of it, my father exited out the front door, an arm of rolled-up papers in one of his arms.

"Ah, Nanna." He greets me. "I was hoping you'd be home soon. I'm heading up to the great hall to start the lesson. I'm sure you got a good look at some of those dragons, and you're handy with a pencil. Think you've got anything useful to share?" He asks me, as we start walking up the hill.

Happy to finally feel useful for once without a dragon, I nod my head vigorously.

"Good. Thank goodness I brought extra papers. Looks like some of the others are also bringing some of their own information." He says as we look back down the hill. Many of the villagers are starting to make their way up the slope as well, several carrying papers of their own.

"Let's hope we won't ever have to use it." He says, and walks through the doors of the great hall.

Hearing that, I suddenly noticed several things. First, this whole 'us or the dragons' thing was eating him up inside. It wasn't until he said that that I realized how much he hated fighting against them. Another thing I noticed was that he looked years older within hours. He seemed extremely stressed, his face looked as though it had gained some wrinkles overnight, and in the right light some of his hairs looked distinctly gray. The sight of him made me feel a mixture of anger, depression, and upright determination.

I knew that I had to do something, but I had no clue what.

End  
file.